

# Exhibit 2

Joshua J. Hastert

**Redacted**

March 8, 2016

The Honorable Thomas M. Durkin  
Everett McKinley Dirksen  
United States Courthouse  
219 South Dearborn Street  
Chicago, IL 60604

Dear Judge Durkin:

I am writing regarding J. Dennis Hastert, my father.

Throughout my life, my father has always been supportive of my pursuits and interests even when they were not in line with his own—or even met with his approval. I have worked in the independent music industry since 1997 and, along the way, have owned and run a record store and event venue, a record label, and a music production company. These endeavors were all extremely labor intensive and marginally profitable (at best). He was never anything but supportive, and he always took an interest in my work if not in the subject matter of that work. I am fairly certain that he has never really fully understood what I was doing or why I was doing it, but he knows that it keeps me busy and happy. And, that is enough for him to be happy for me.

The support he has shown me over the years is not unique to me. He has always been accepting and supporting of others, generally. He raised me to believe that a person should be judged by their character and not by their net-worth, race, religion, or any other arbitrary measure of acceptability. That is a very common viewpoint now, but less so thirty and forty years ago when he was first teaching me those life lessons. My father always took the time and effort to expose my brother and me to other cultures and viewpoints through his choice of books, food, and family trips. He used to tell us that you learn the most about a person by learning about where they are from and how they live. He would say that it was sometimes difficult to imagine how someone could view the same set of facts and come to a completely different conclusion than you—until you saw it from their point of view.

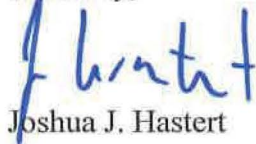
He did his best to instill that sense of fairness and understanding in me as well. I can remember getting in trouble for a lot of things growing up. But, as an adult, one thing stands out among the others. I, like many kids in my generation, would learn offensive language at school and bring it home. My father would have none of it. I didn't understand it then, but I do now. He was right, and I am a better person for it.

Please, as you determine my father's sentence, keep in mind the fact that he spent 35 years of his life serving the public good and doing what he could to do make his our communities better places to live. I didn't always see eye-to-eye with my father, but I always

respected him. He now has myriad medical issues and he should be with his family and not in the medical division of a correctional institution.

Thank you very much for reading this letter and for your consideration.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "J. Hastert", is written over a printed name.

Joshua J. Hastert